purſue the offender, how doſt my Lord?

Gloſt. Madam my old heart is crackt, is crackt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Ladie, Ladie; ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous knights, that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes Madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue the waſt and ſpoyle of his reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter,
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue ſhewen your father a child-like office.

Baſt. Twas my dutie Sir.

Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued? *Gloſt.* I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme; make your own purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience, doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall bee ours; natures of ſuch deepe truſt, wee ſhall much need you, we firſt ſeaze on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truly, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſit you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke ey'd night,
Ocaſions noble *Gloſter* of ſome poyſe,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe;
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diferences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home; the ſeueral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch; our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull councell
To our buſines, which craues the inſtant vſe. (*Exeunt. Gloſt.*

Gloſt. I ſerue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the houſe?

Kent. I. *Stew.* Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th mire. *Stew.* Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not. *Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſburie pinfold, I would make thee care for mee.

Stew. Why doſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew, What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a raſcall, an eater of broken meates, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three ſhewted hundred pound, filthy worſted-ſtocken knaue, a lilly lyuer'd action taking knaue, a whorſon glaſſegazing ſuperfinicall rogue, one truncke inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt bee a baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the ſonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beat into clamorous whyning, if thou denie the leaſt ſillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac't varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt mee; is it two dayes agoe ſince I beat thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night, the Moone ſhines, ile make a ſop of the moone-ſhine a'you, draw you whorſon-cullyonly-barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

Kent. Draw you raſcall, you bring letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the royaltie of her father; draw you rogue, or ile ſo carbonado your ſhankes; draw you raſcall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue, ſtand rogue, ſtand you neate ſlaue, ſtrike. *Stew.* Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Gloſter the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, whats the matter?